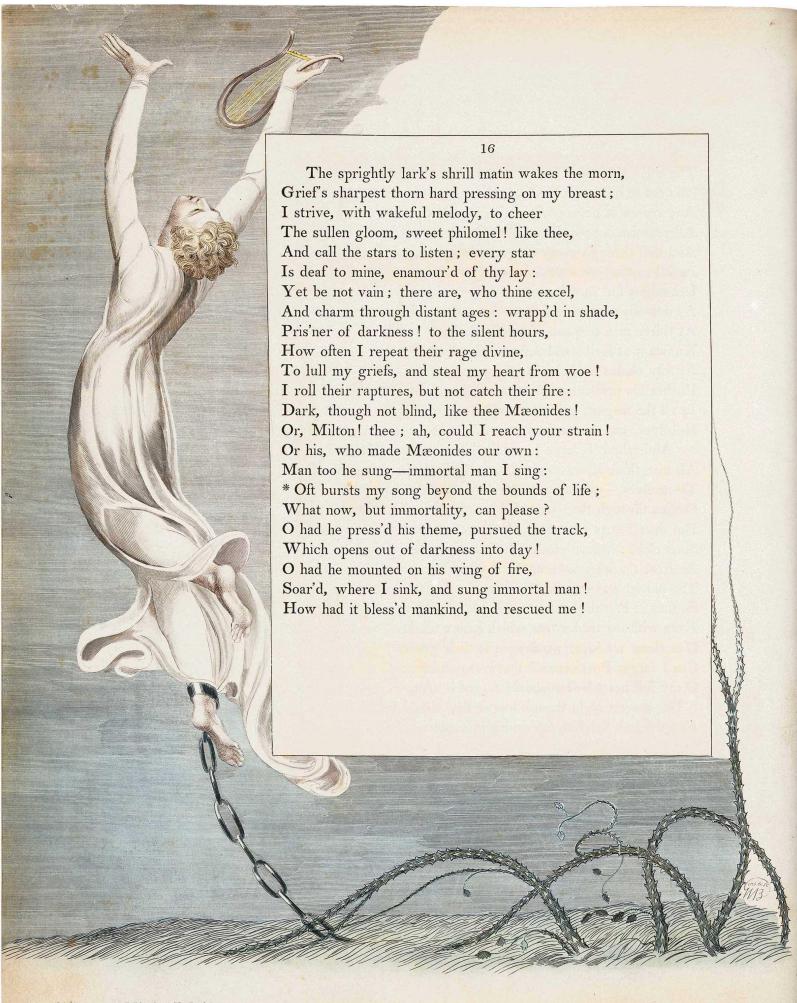
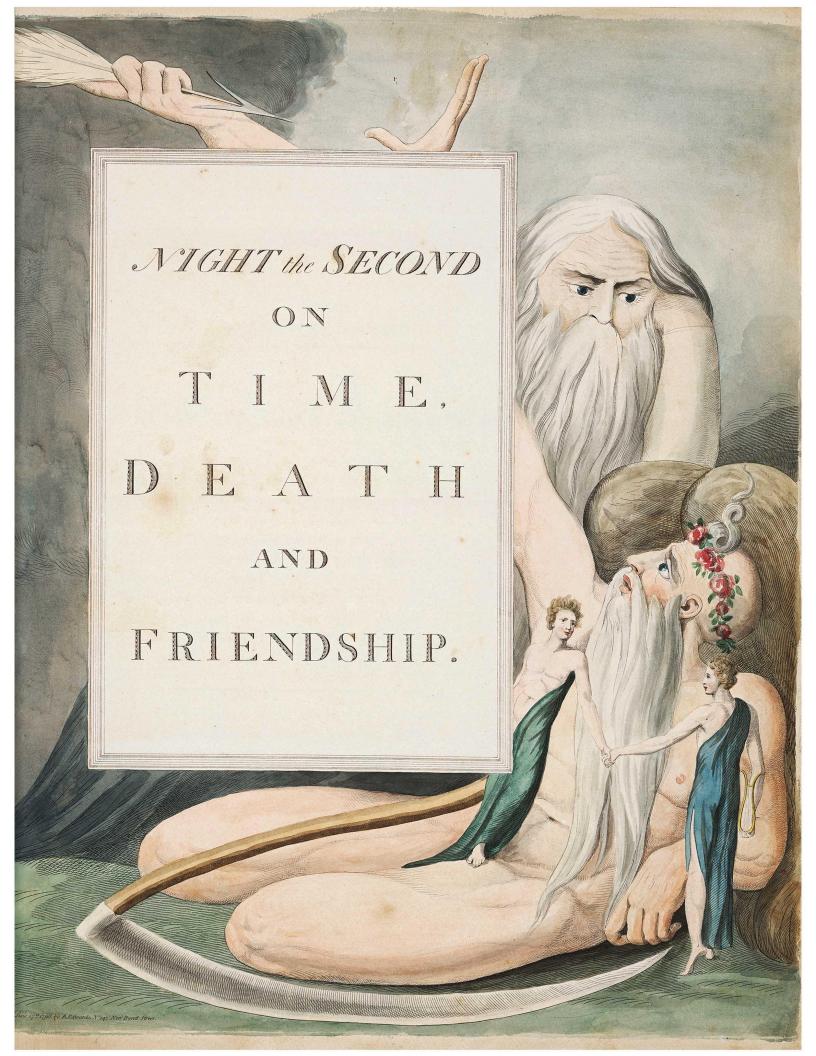
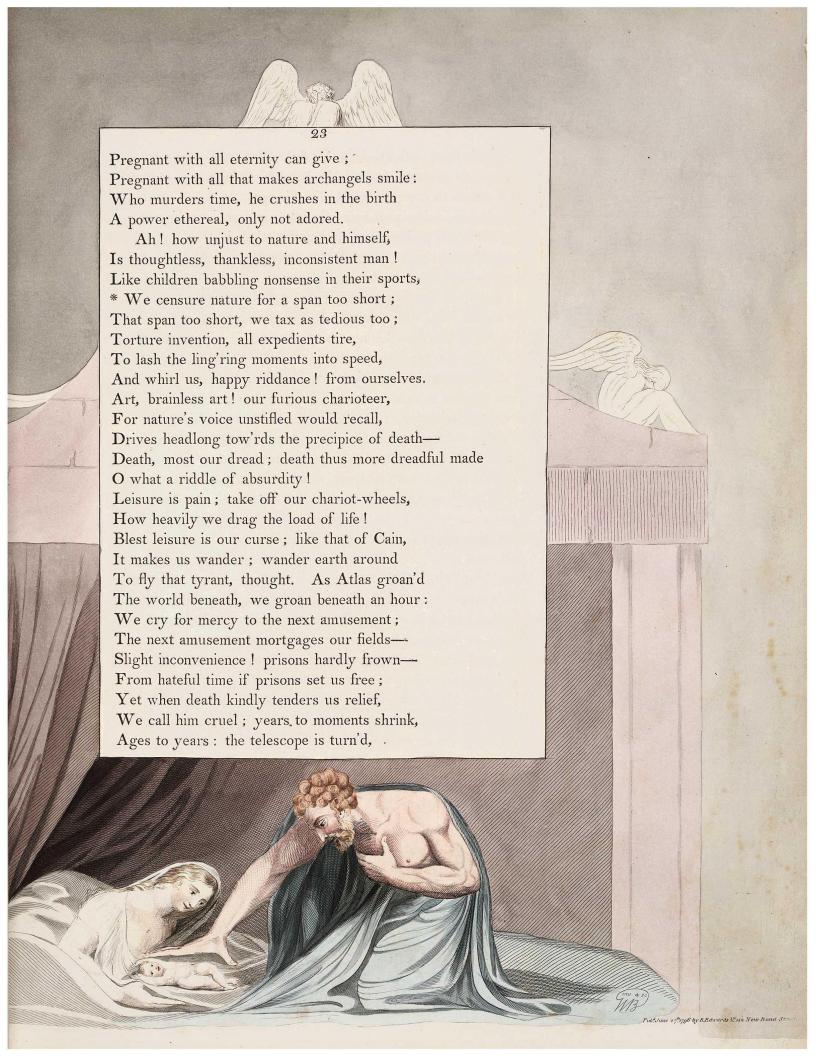
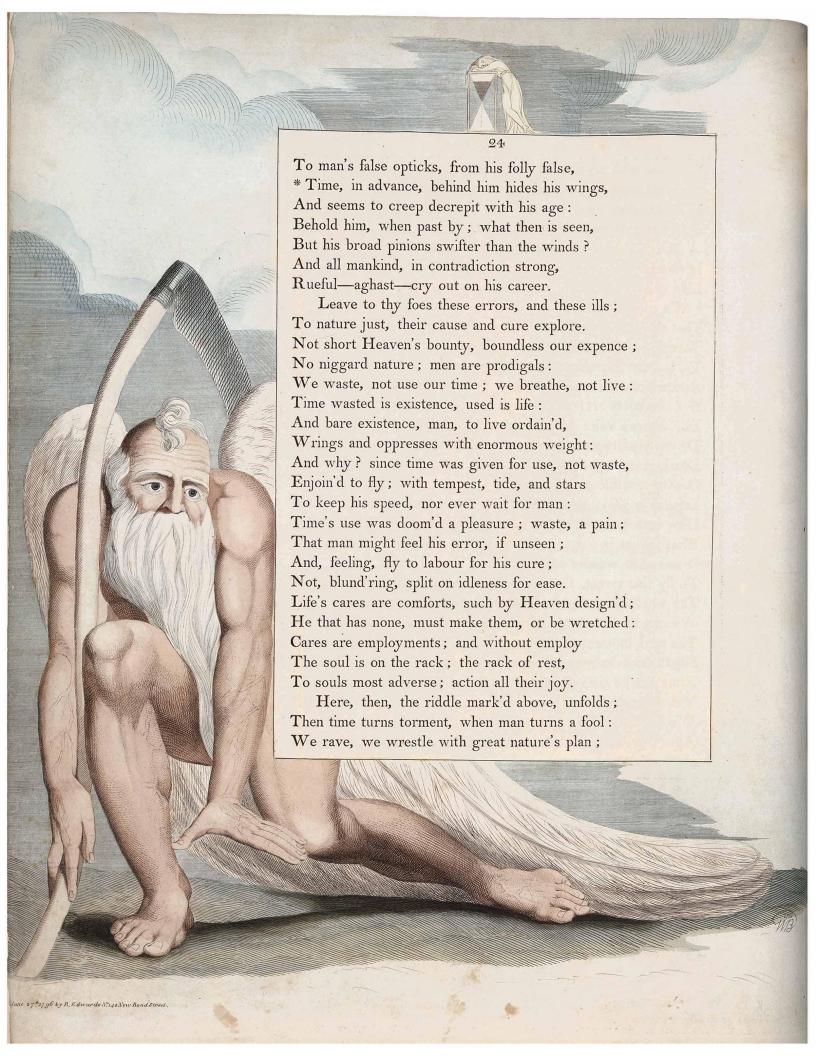


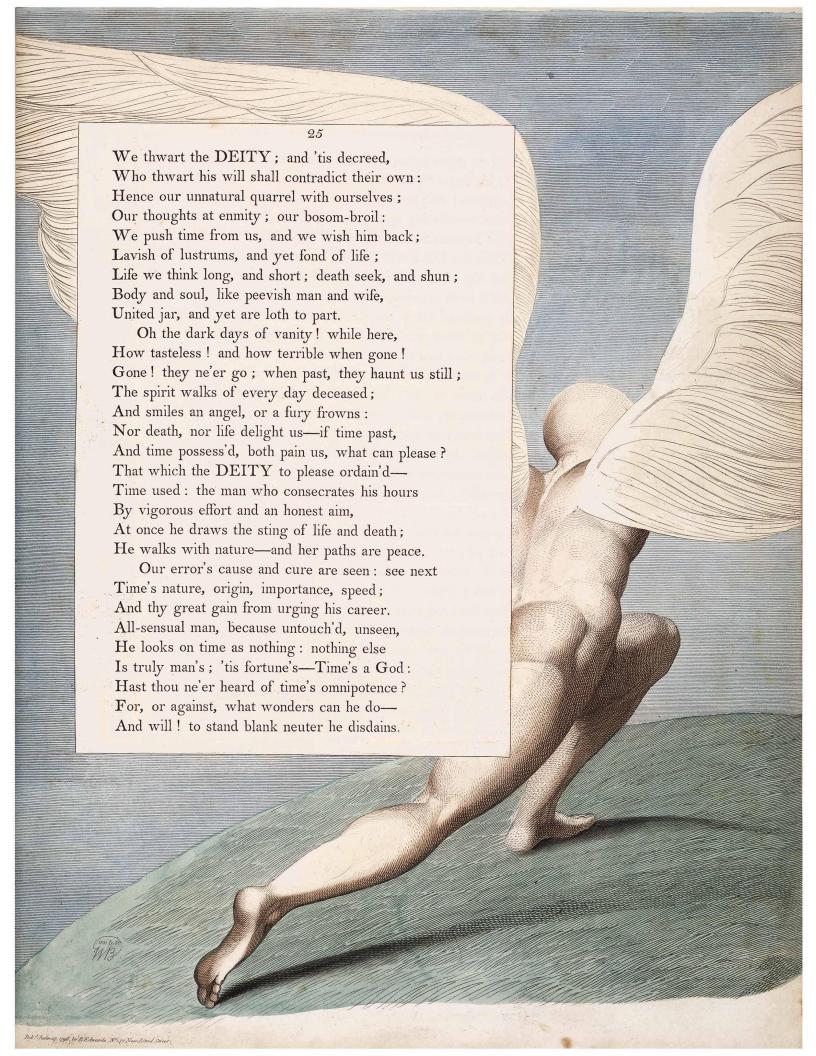
15 The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone: 'Tis not in folly, not to scorn a fool; And scarce in human wisdom to do more: All promise is poor dilatory man, And that through every stage: when young, indeed, In full content we sometimes nobly rest, Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish, As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise: At thirty man suspects himself a fool; Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan; At fifty chides his infamous delay, Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve; In all the magnanimity of thought Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies the same. And why? because he thinks himself immortal: All men think all men mortal, but themselves; Themselves; -when some alarming shock of fate Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread; But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air, Soon close; where pass'd the shaft no trace is found. As from the wing no scar the sky retains; The parted wave no furrow from the keel; So dies in human hearts the thought of death: Even with the tender tear which nature sheds O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave. Can I forget Philander? that were strange: O my full heart !- but should I give it vent, * The longest night though longer far, would fail, And the lark listen to my midnight song.

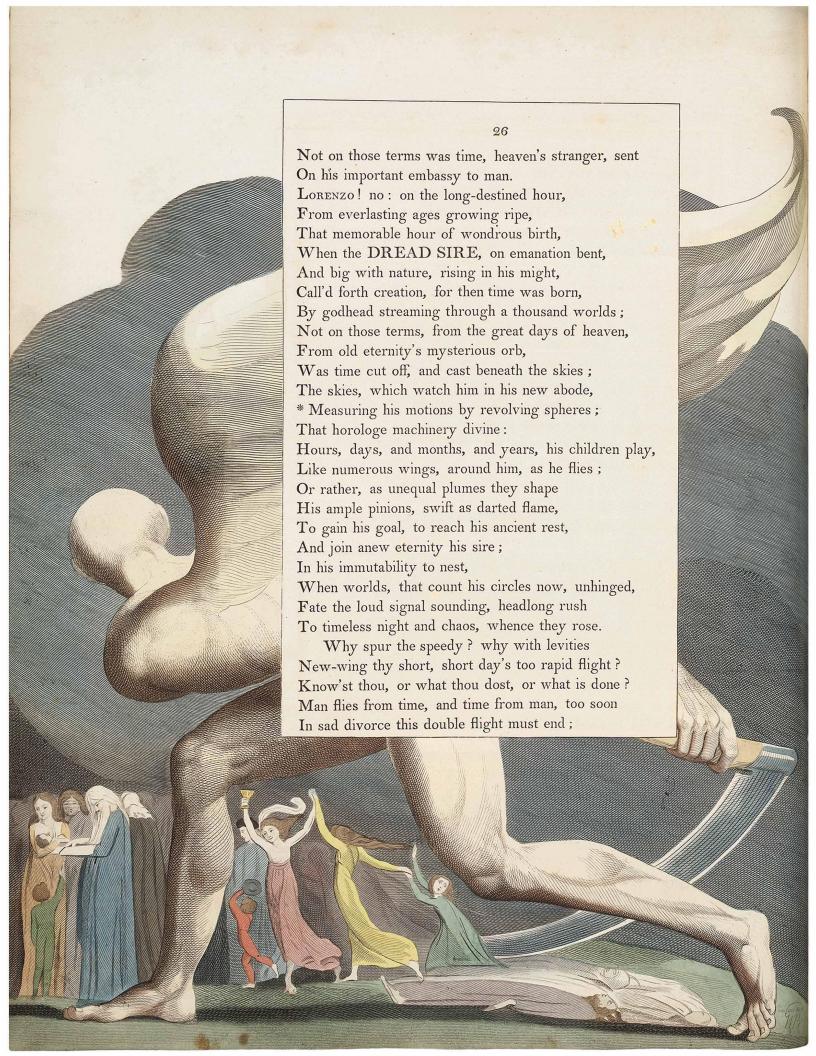










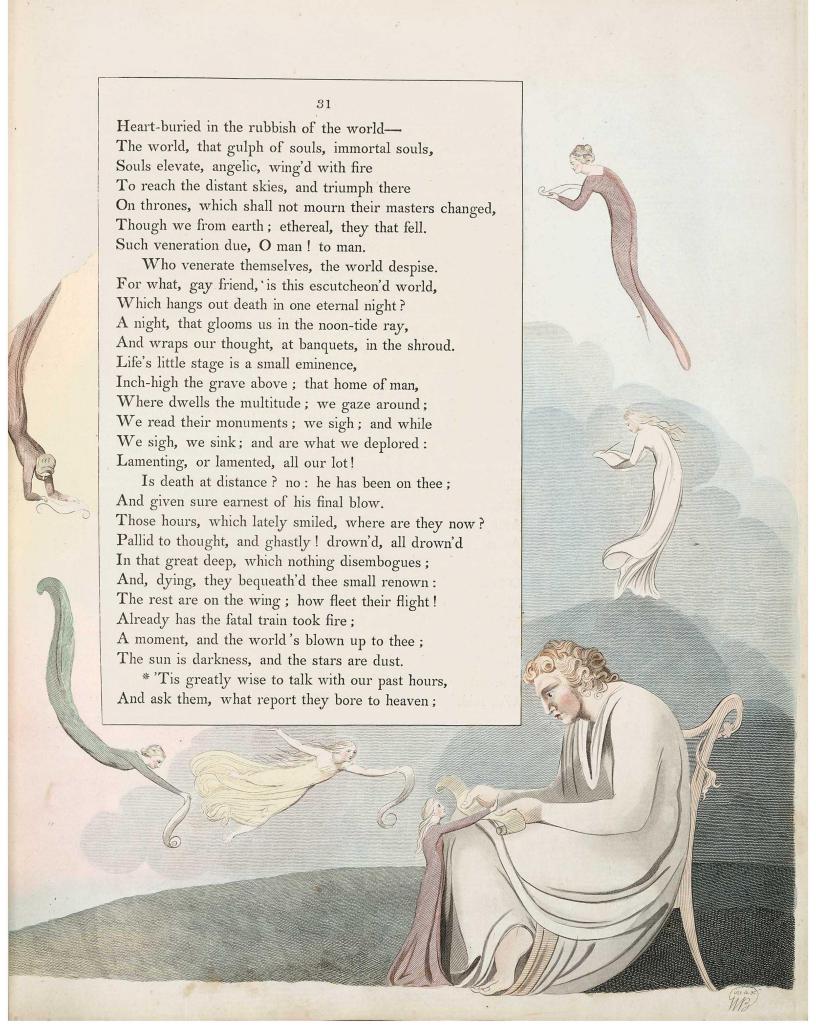


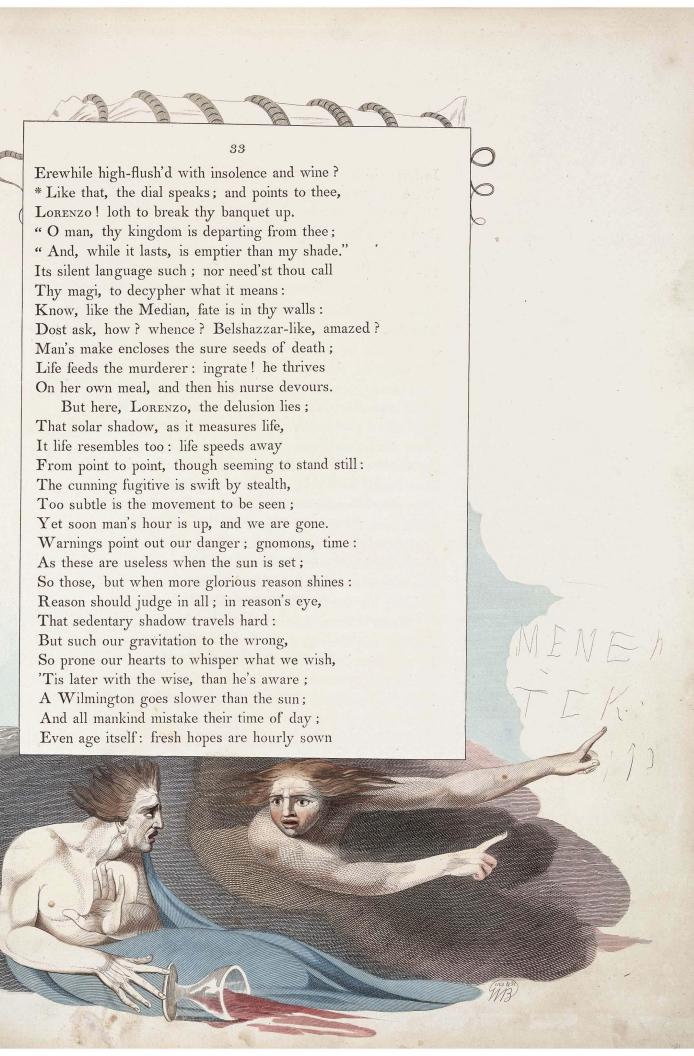
And then, where are we? where, Lorenzo, then Thy sports—thy pomps?—I grant thee, in a state Not unambitious; in the ruffled shroud, Thy parian tomb's triumphant arch beneath: Has death his fopperies? then well may life Put on her plume, and in her rainbow shine.

Ye well-array'd! ye lilies of our land! Ye lilies male! who neither toil, nor spin, As sister lilies might;—if not so wise As Solomon, more sumptuous to the sight! Ye delicate! who nothing can support, Yourselves most insupportable! for whom The winter rose must blow, the sun put on A brighter beam in Leo, silky-soft Favonius breathe still softer, or be chid; And other worlds send odours, sauce, and song, And robes, and notions framed in foreign looms! O ye Lorenzos of our age! who deem One moment unamused, a misery Not made for feeble man; who call aloud For every bauble, drivell'd o'er by sense, For rattles and conceits of every cast, For change of follies and relays of joy, To drag your patience through the tedious length Of a short winter's day—say—sages; say Wit's oracles; say—dreamers of gay dreams; How will you weather an eternal night, Where such expedients fail?

* O treacherous conscience! while she seems to sleep On rose and myrtle, lull'd with syren song;







Had thought been all, sweet speech had been denied; Speech, thought's canal! speech, thought's criterion too! Thought in the mine may come forth gold or dross; When coin'd in words, we know its real worth: If sterling, store it for thy future use; 'Twill buy thee benefit, perhaps renown: Thought too, deliver'd, is the more possess'd; * Teaching, we learn; and giving, we retain The births of intellect; when dumb, forgot. Speech ventilates our intellectual fire; Speech burnishes our mental magazine; Brightens for ornament, and whets for use. What numbers, sheath'd in erudition, lie Plunged to the hilts in venerable tomes, And rusted; who might have borne an edge, And play'd a sprightly beam, if born to speech! If born blest heirs to half their mother's tongue! 'Tis thought's exchange, which, like th' alternate push Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned scum,

And defecates the student's standing pool.

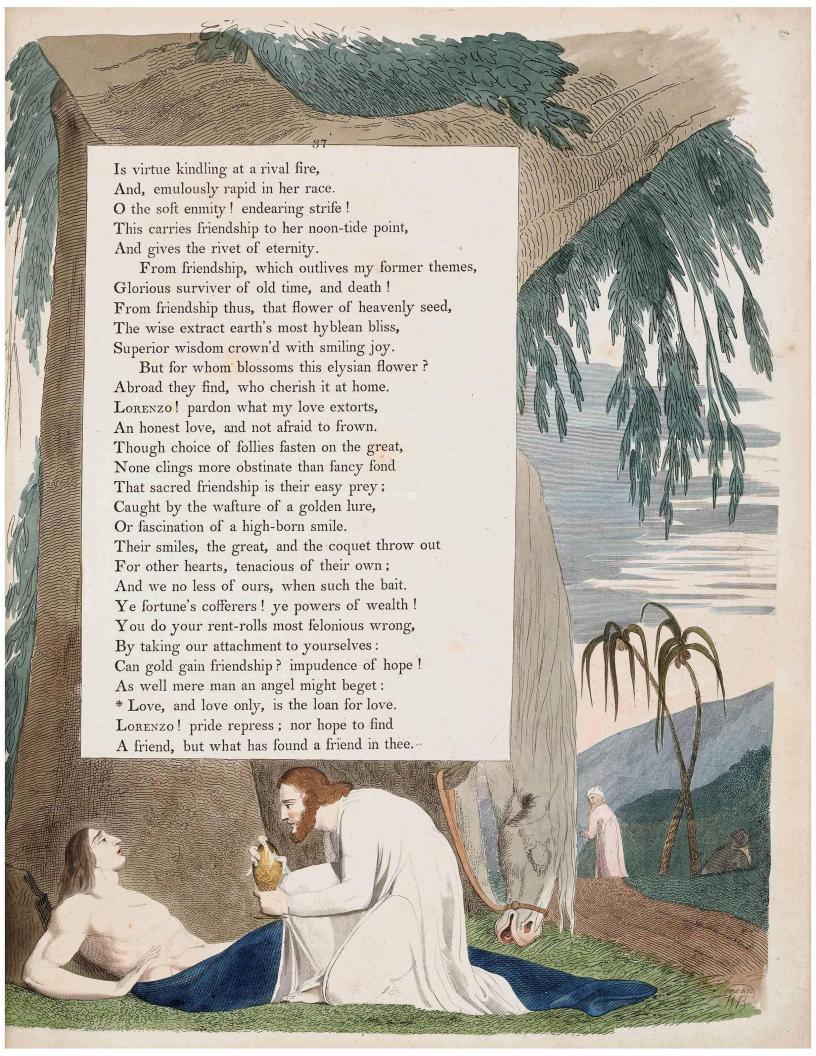
In contemplation is his proud resource?

'Tis poor as proud: by converse unsustain'd
Rude thought runs wild in contemplation's field:
Converse, the menage, breaks it to the bit
Of due restraint; and emulation's spur
Gives graceful energy, by rivals awed:

'Tis converse qualifies for solitude,
As exercise for salutary rest:
By that untutor'd, contemplation raves;

And nature's feel, by wisdom's is outdone.



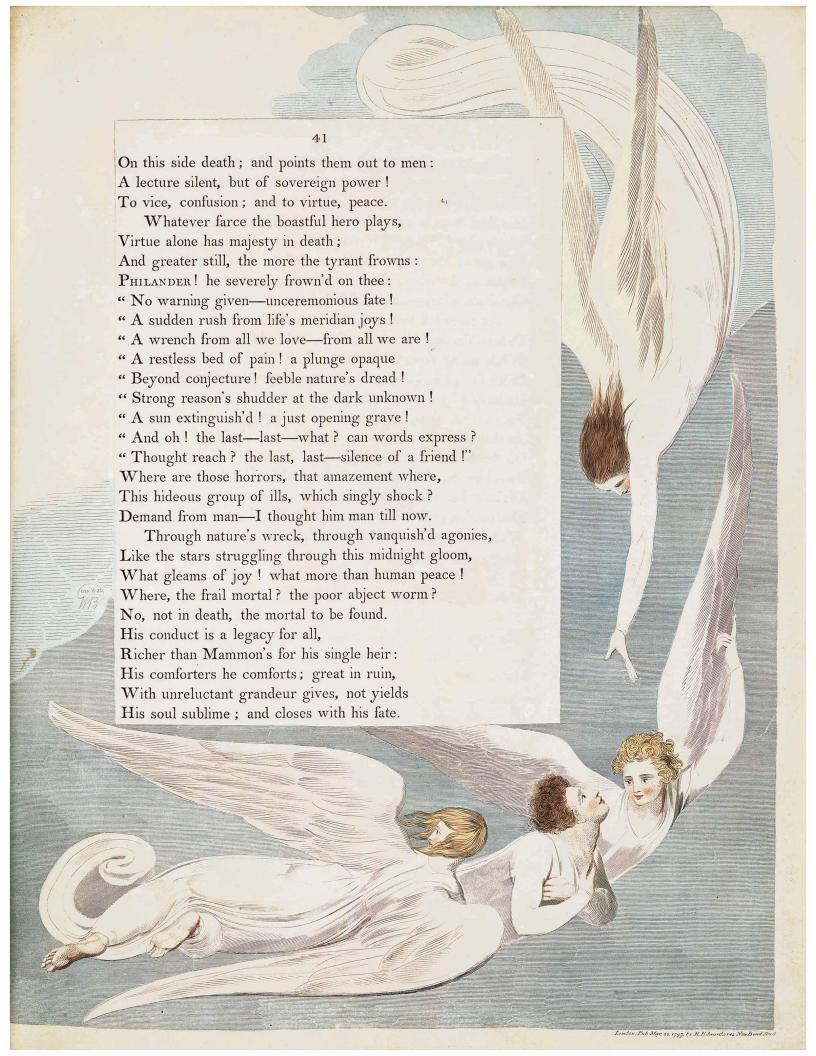


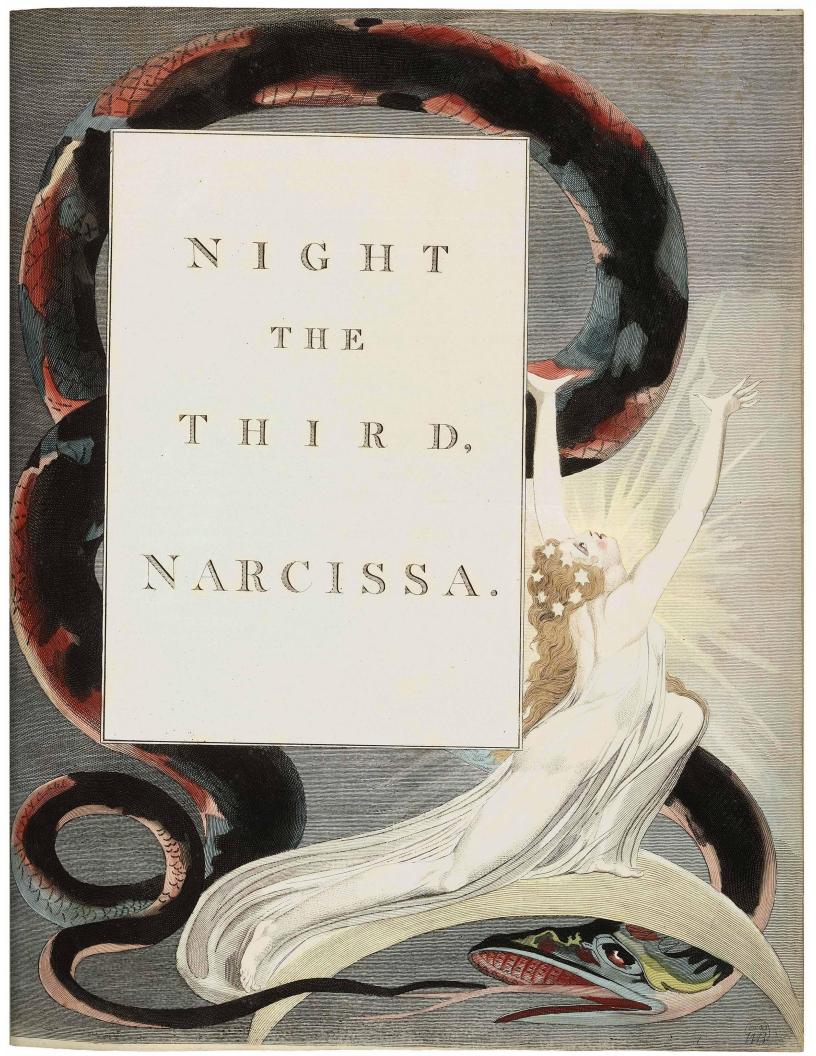


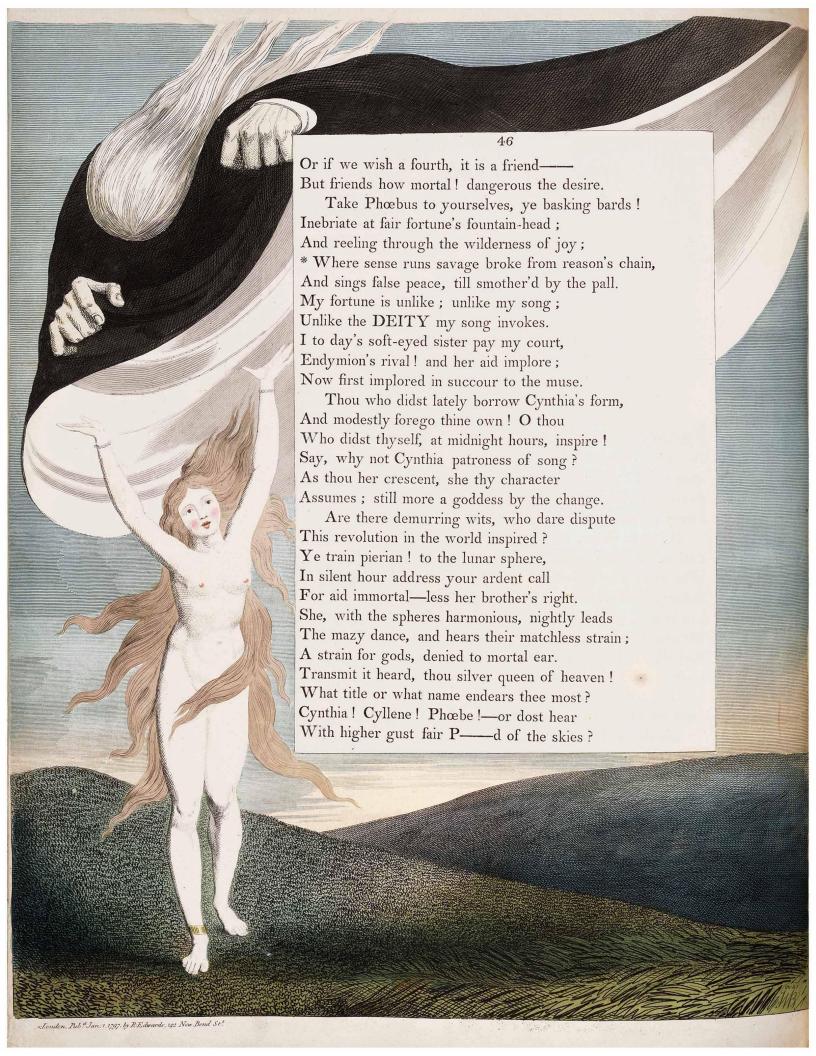
By mortal hand—it merits a divine: *Angels should paint it, angels ever there; There on a post of honour, and of joy.

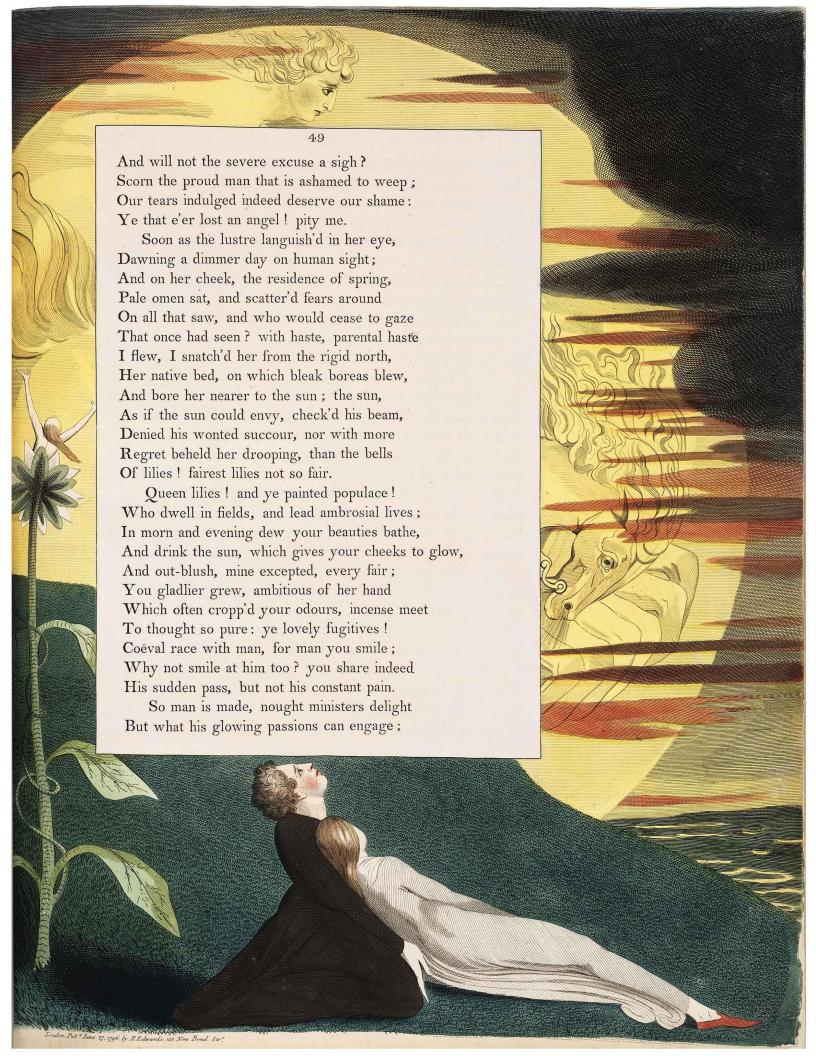
Dare I presume then? but PHILANDER bids, And glory tempts, and inclination calls: Yet am I struck; as struck the soul beneath Aërial groves' impenetrable gloom; Or in some mighty ruin's solemn shade; Or gazing by pale lamps on high-born dust In vaults; thin courts of poor unflatter'd kings! Or at the midnight altar's hallow'd flame: It is religion to proceed: I pause—— And enter, awed, the temple of my theme: Is it his death-bed? no—it is his shrine: Behold him, there, just rising to a god.

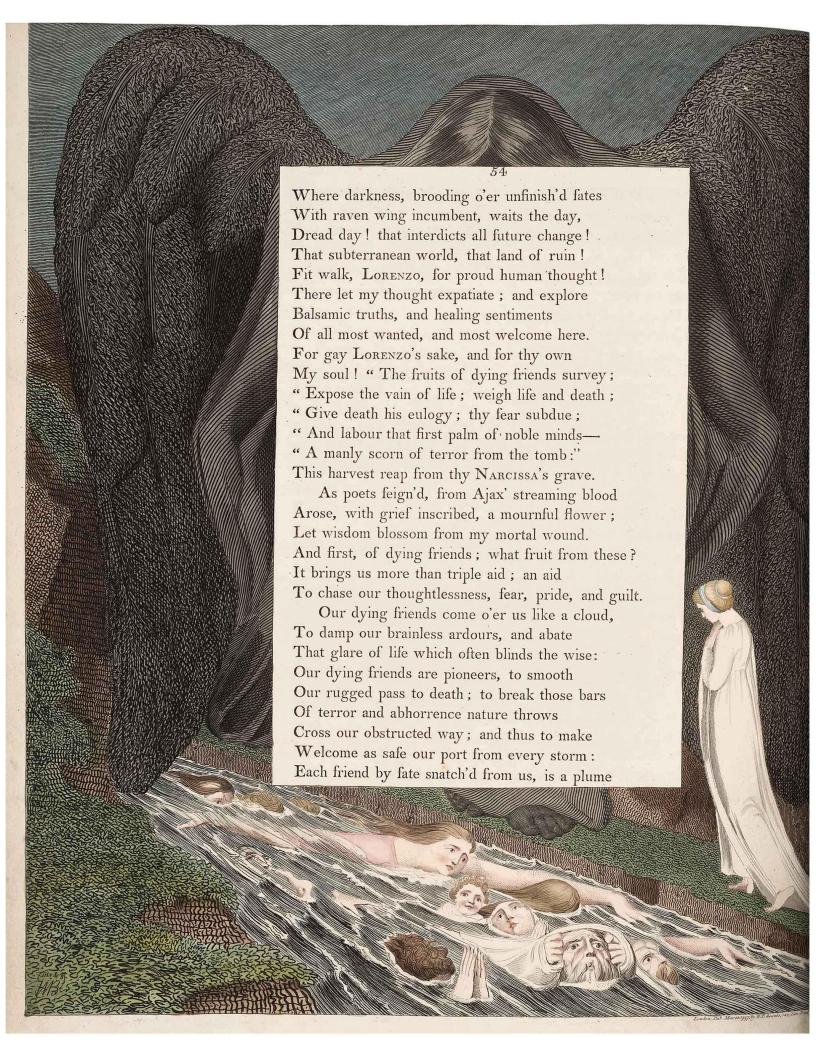
The chamber, where the good man meets his fate, Is privileged beyond the common walk Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven. Fly, ye profane! if not, draw near with awe, Receive the blessing, and adore the chance That threw in this Bethesda your disease; If unrestored by this, despair your cure: For here resistless demonstration dwells; A death-bed's a detecter of the heart: Here tired dissimulation drops her mask, Through life's grimace that mistress of the scene! Here real and apparent are the same— You see the man; you see his hold on heaven; If sound his virtue, as PHILANDER'S sound. Heaven waits not the last moment; owns her friends





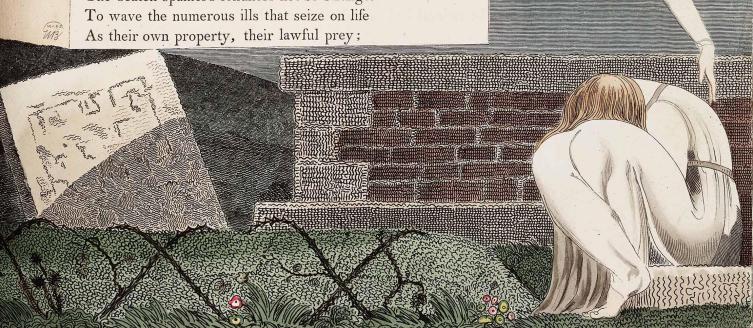


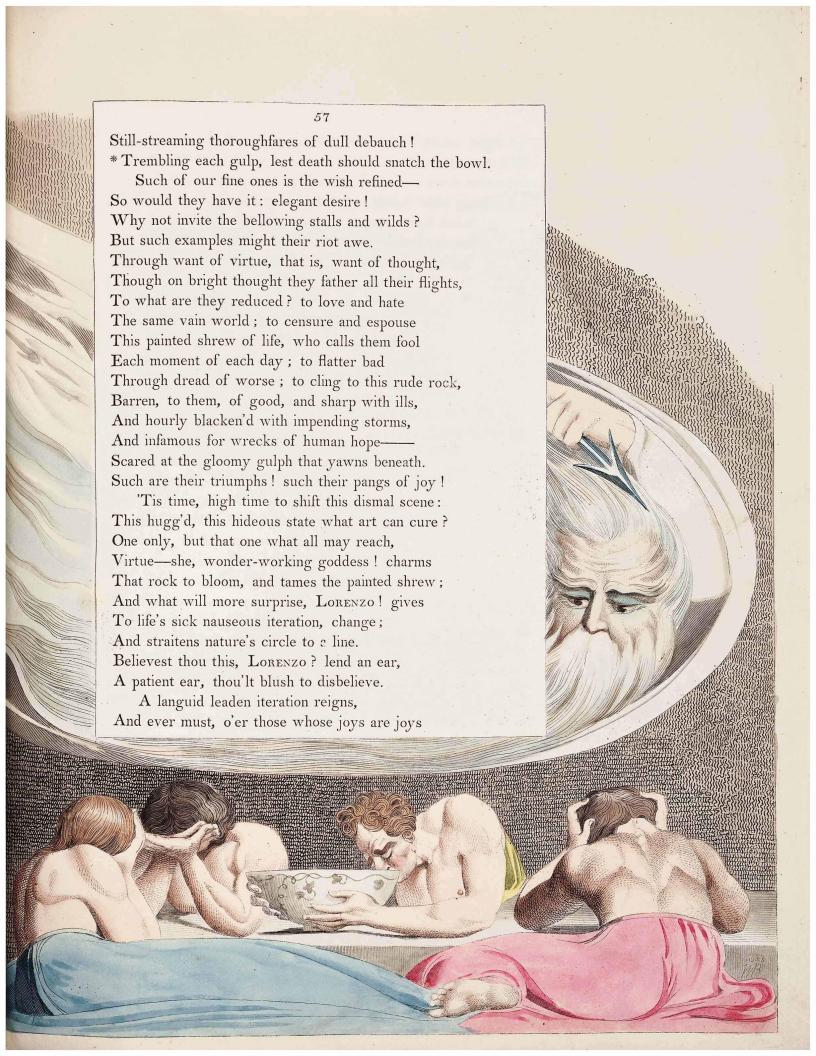




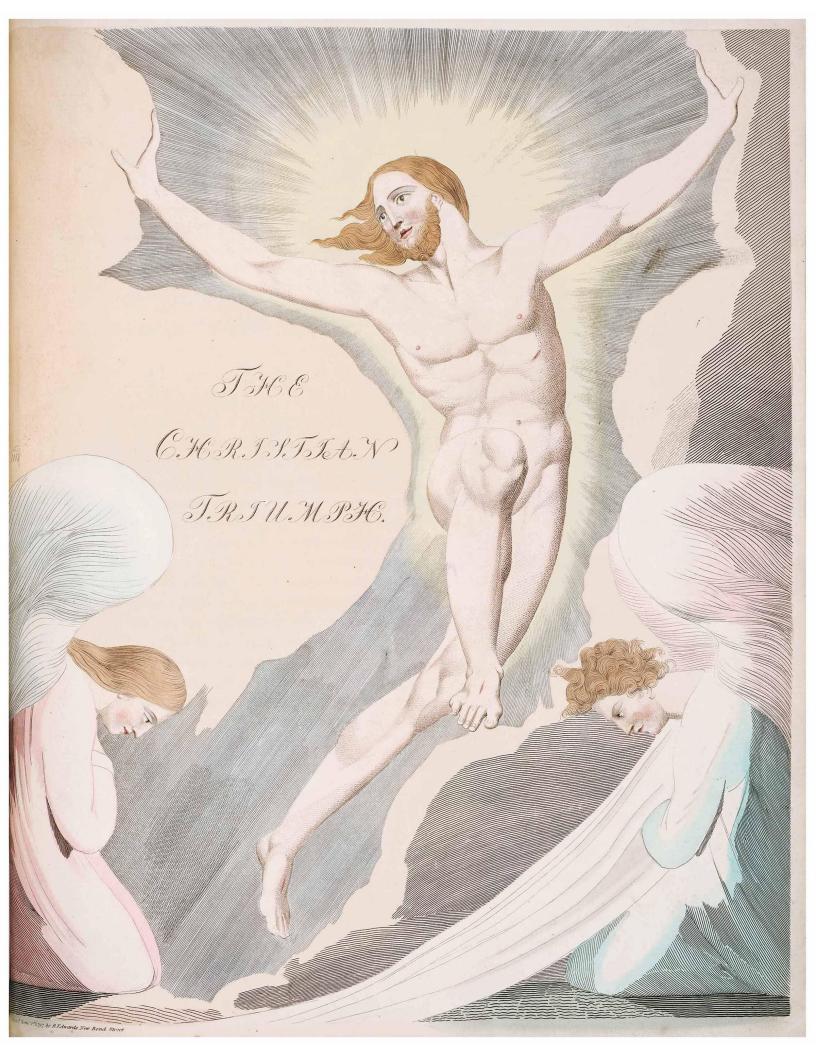
Pluck'd from the wing of human vanity, Which makes us stoop from our aërial heights, And, damp'd with omen of our own decease, On drooping pinions of ambition lower'd, Just skim earth's surface, ere we break it up, O'er putrid earth to scratch a little dust, And save the world a nuisance: smitten friends Are angels sent on errands full of love: For us they languish, and for us they die: And shall they languish, shall they die in vain? * Ungrateful, shall we grieve their hovering shades Which wait the revolution in our hearts? Shall we disdain their silent soft address, Their posthumous advice, and pious prayer? Senseless as herds that graze their hallow'd graves, Tread under foot their agonies and groans, Frustrate their anguish, and destroy their deaths?

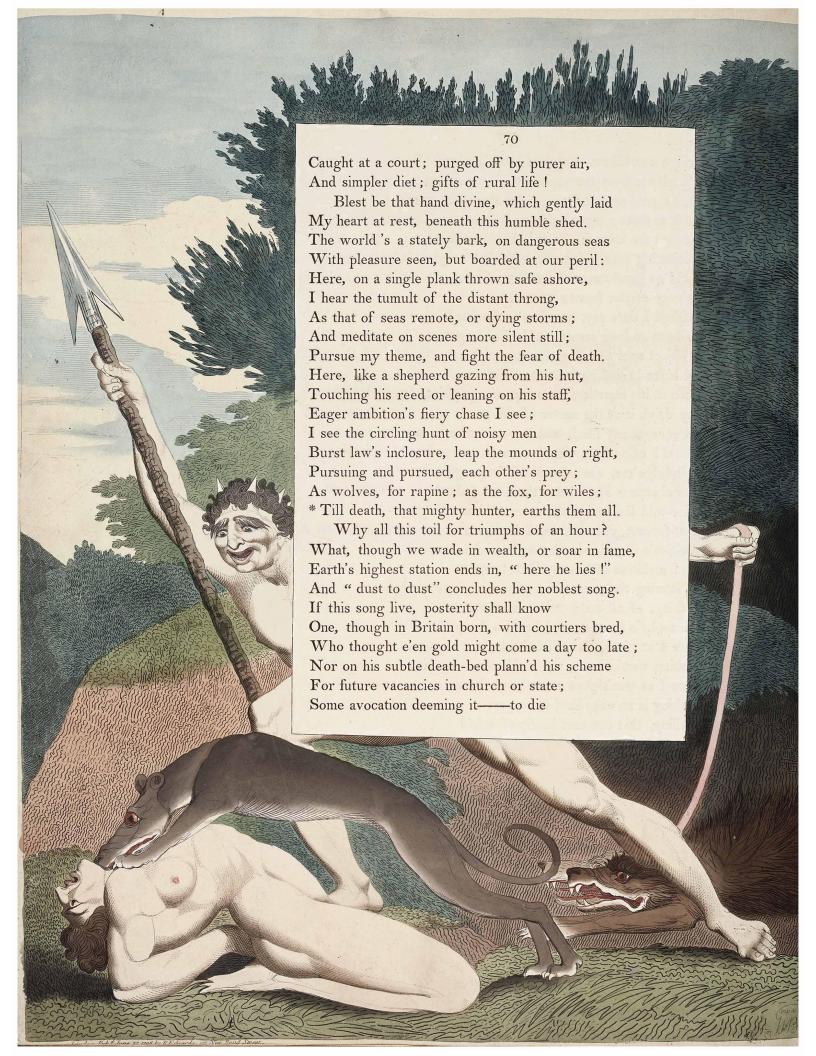
Lorenzo! no; the thought of death indulge;
Give it its wholesome empire—let it reign,
That kind chastiser of thy soul in joy;
Its reign will spread thy glorious conquests far,
And still the tumults of thy ruffled breast:
Auspicious æra! golden days, begin!
The thought of death shall, like a god, inspire.
And why not think on death? is life the theme
Of every thought? and wish of every hour?
And song of every joy? Surprising truth!
The beaten spaniel's fondness not so strange.
To wave the numerous ills that seize on life
As their own property, their lawful prey:

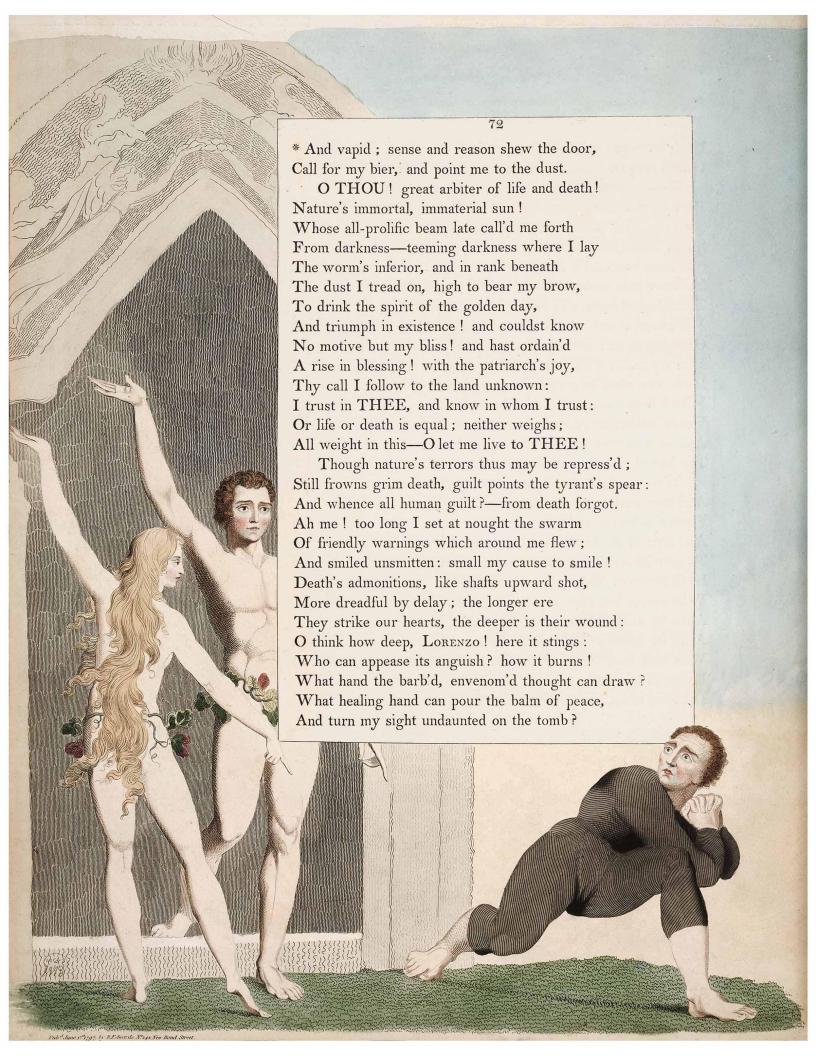


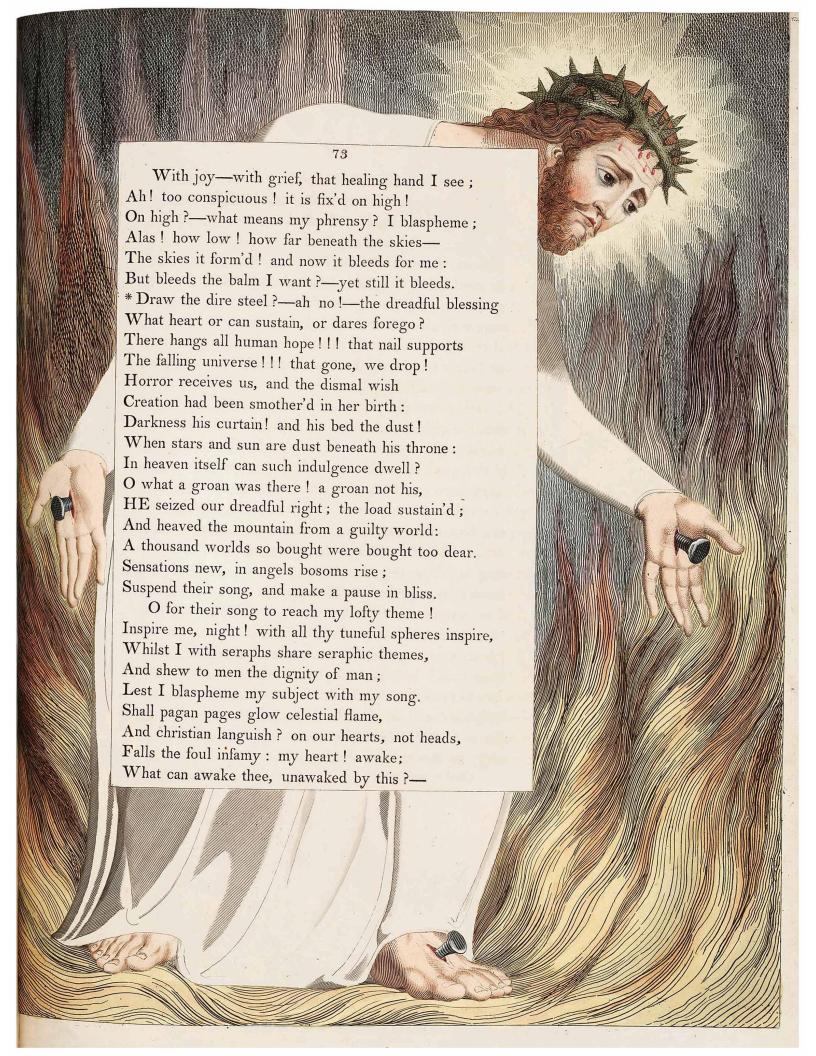


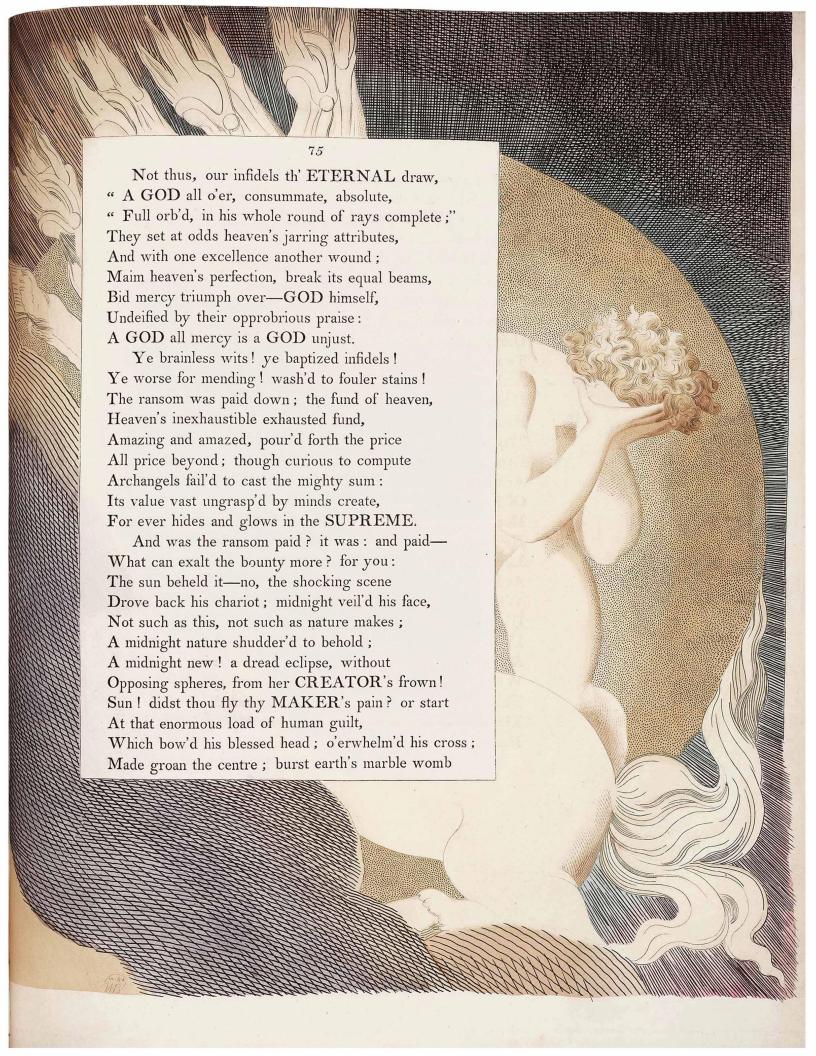
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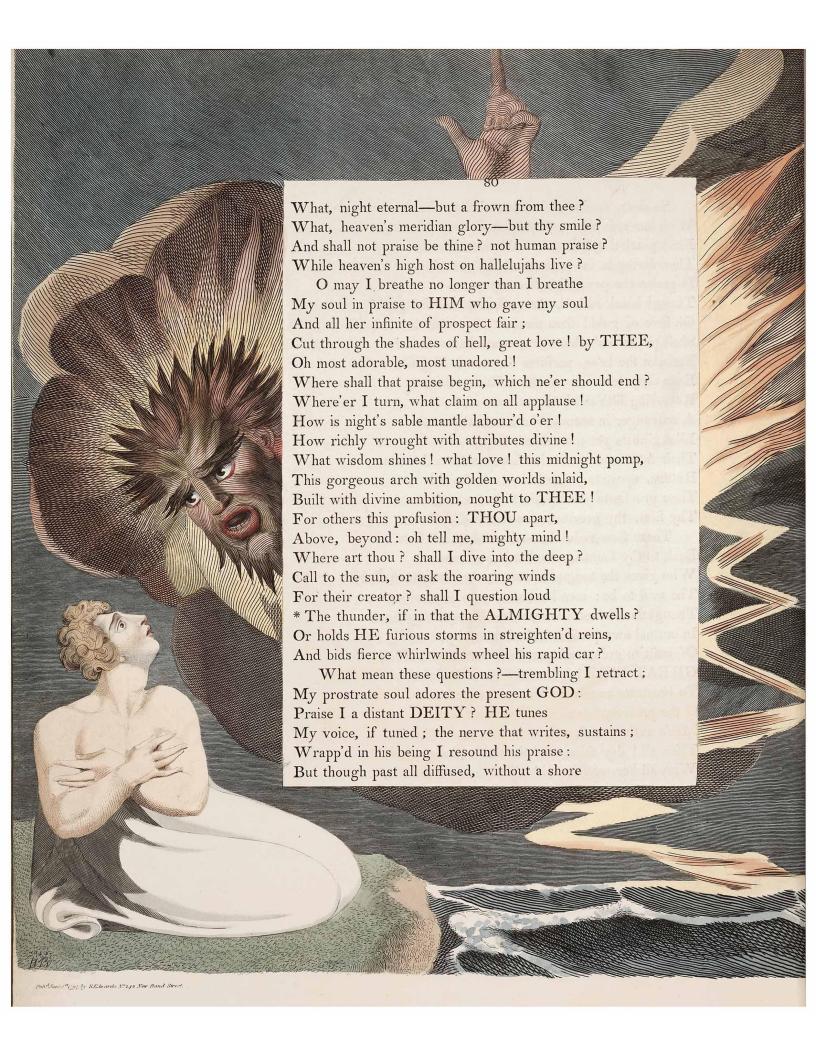


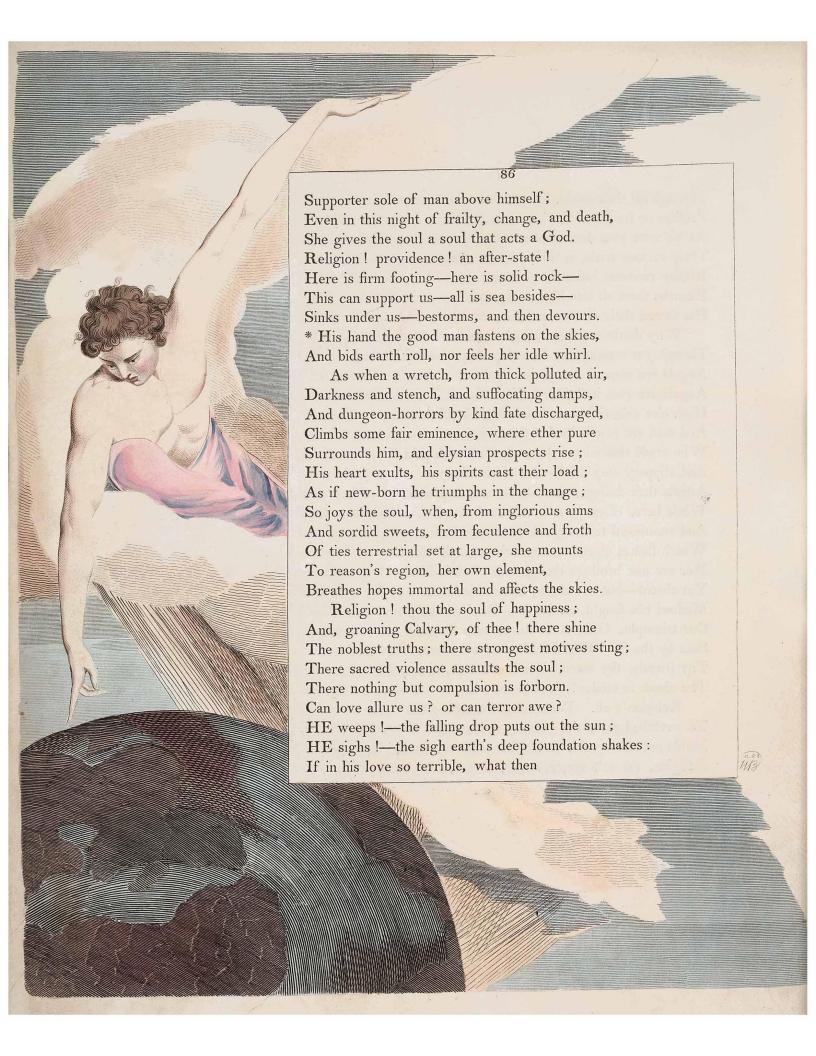


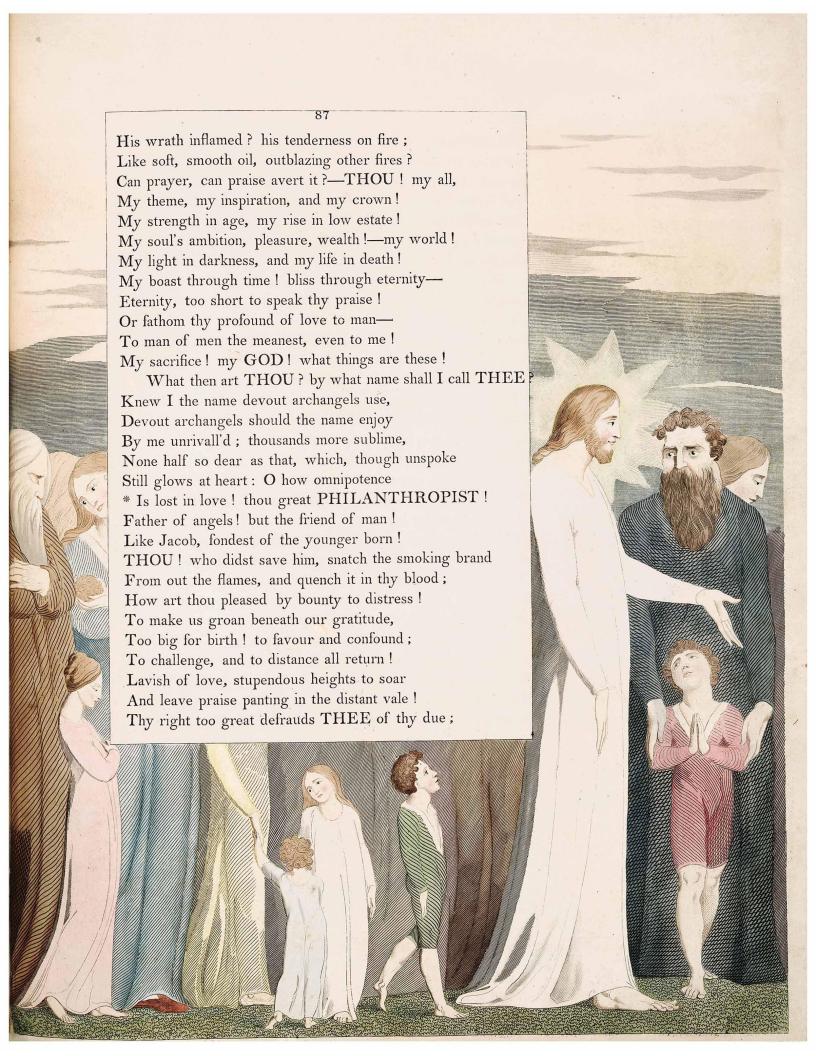














And sacrilegious our sublimest song:
But since the naked will obtains thy smile,
Beneath this monument of praise unpaid,
And future life symphonious to my strain,
That noblest hymn to heaven! for ever lie
Intomb'd my fear of death! and every fear,
The dread of every evil, but thy frown.

Whom see I wonder, so demurally smile

Whom see I yonder, so demurely smile? Laughter a labour, and might break their rest. Ye quietists, in homage to the skies! Serene! of soft address! who mildly make An unobtrusive tender of your hearts, Abhorring violence! who halt indeed, * But for the blessing wrestle not with heaven! Think you my song too turbulent? too warm? Are passions then the pagans of the soul? Reason alone baptized—alone ordain'd To touch things sacred?—oh for warmer still! Guilt chills my zeal, and age benumbs my powers; Oh for an humbler heart, and prouder song! THOU! my much-injured theme! with that soft eye Which melted o'er doom'd Salem, deign to look Compassion to the coldness of my breast; And pardon to the winter in my strain! Oh ye cold-hearted, frozen formalists! On such a theme 'tis impious to be calm; Passion is reason, transport temper, here. Shall heaven, which gave us ardour, and has shewn Her own for man so strongly, not disdain What smooth emollients in theology,

